

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



DESIGNED FOR THE PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. — EDITOR. —

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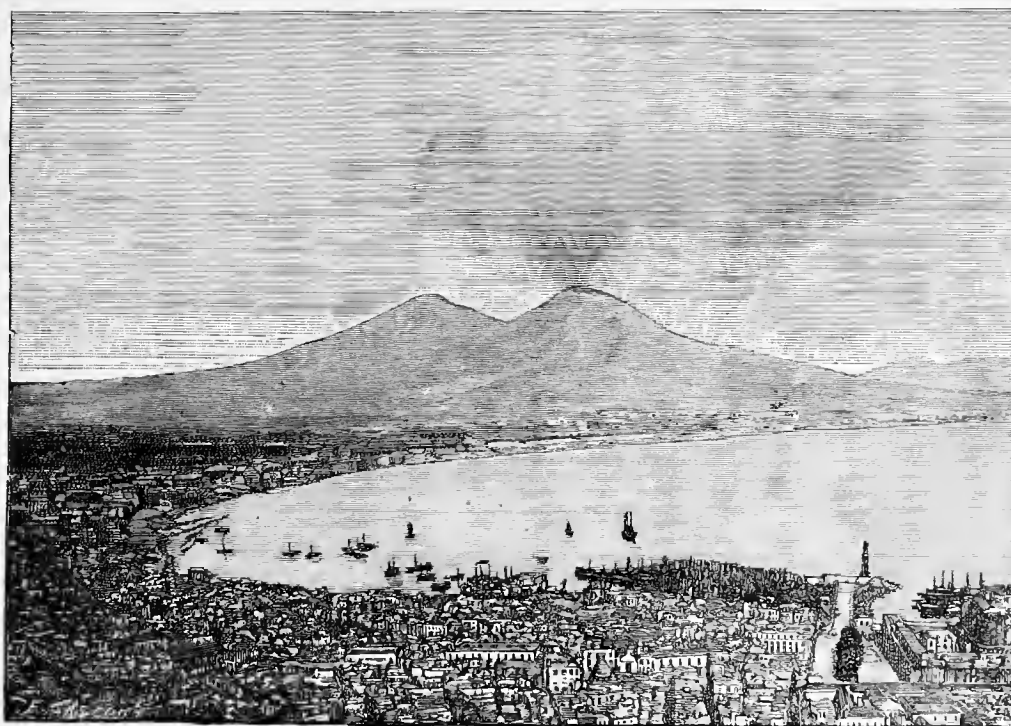
VOLCANOES.



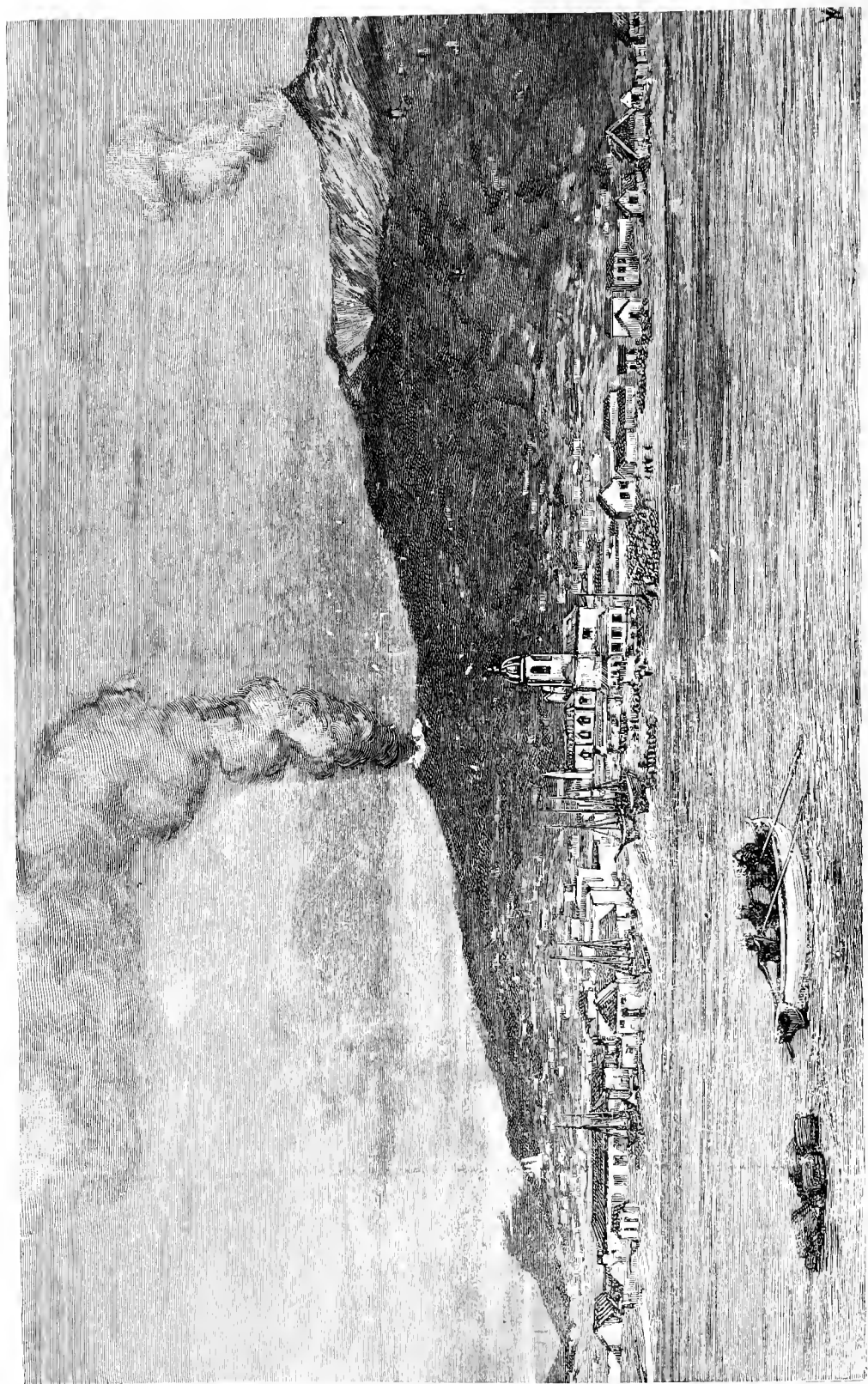
WHO has not heard of burning mountains or volcanoes that are to be found scattered almost all over the earth? These burning mountains are not those where the trees, the bushes and the grass are burned from off the surface of the ground, but mountains where the fire comes from the inside, deep

down in the earth, nobody knows how far.

These mountains when at rest look very much like other mountains, but as a general thing they are not steep, craggy heights, but have well rounded summits, with often a lower place or depression in or near the center of the top, showing the crater or place where the fire or lava came



NAPLES, WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.



MOUNT ETNA.

from when an eruption took place. Some volcanoes have more than one crater, and the fire and burning rocks are belched forth from a number of places.

There were once many active volcanoes in Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, also near where the Saints have settled in Northern Mexico. But as far as we can judge they have all been dead or extinct for many hundreds of years. But as the country is covered with lava rock for hundreds of miles all around, it is clear that, at one time, there were a great number of them and they were very active. There are also many volcanoes in Central and South America, a large number of which are still pouring forth, from time to time, their floods of fiery lava on the surrounding country, and filling the air with stifling dust and ashes, and showers of heated stones and rocks. When a volcano bursts forth there is no way that men know of stopping the overflow, all that can be done is to get out of its way if you can travel more quickly than the lava streams.

There are quite a number of volcanoes in Europe that are still active. There is Mount Hecla in Iceland, Mount Etna in Sicily, and Mount Vesuvius near Naples in Italy. A few weeks ago Vesuvius, which has been quiet for a long time burst out, and one of the most destructive eruptions took place that ever occurred in its history. It is reported that thousands of people were killed and millions of dollars, worth of property destroyed. In the year A. D. 79 an eruption very like the present

one destroyed and buried up the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, for many hundred years it was forgotten that such cities ever existed. In the present outburst, the molten lava has rolled over much of the same ground, and villages and hamlets have been surrounded by fire and burned, or the roofs of buildings crushed in by the weight of the fallen ashes and cinders. The new lava streams are several hundred feet wide and cover the ground to a depth of ten to forty feet, fresh rivers of melted rocks pouring over the earlier ones as they harden by cooling. The Italian soldiers and peasants have endeavored to protect the villages by earthworks in the track of the lava, and by clearing away vineyards, trees and houses to prevent the spread of fires. The railroad around the volcano was kept running day and night as long as possible to carry away the fugitives, and after it was destroyed, military carts were utilized; yet many thousands of men, women and children had to walk into Naples and other cities, carrying in bundles such of their goods as they could save. The ashes so filled the air as to cause partial darkness, and the people had to protect themselves by goggles and cloths from blindness and suffocation. The crest of the volcano is almost continuously shrouded in flame and smoke ascending miles above it, so that it is impossible to tell just what changes have taken place in it, but the old cone, several hundred feet high, seems to have been blown off.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

PART I.



IT was a drowsy summer afternoon, a long time ago, that little Dorothy Mayfield sat in the door of her home, playing with her doll.

Beyond the child through the open door could be seen the mother

at her spinning wheel, humming a hymn that was as soothing as a lullaby.

"I must have a drink," suddenly said the little one, as if the sensation of thirst had just made itself manifest. "Now, Dorothy, you will have to stay right here till I come back: I won't be gone long, and you must be real good."

With this she set her doll on the step, with her back against the jamb, in order that she might maintain a genteel position during her owner's absence, and away the young mistress ran down the winding path in the rear of the house.

Dorothy ran every step of the way, because she couldn't help it, pausing in front of the crystalline spring of icy coldness. She took a brown gourd from its resting place on a projecting ledge of stone and, stooping down, dipped it into the water. Then she held it to her lips, while its dripping coolness moistened the corners of her mouth and the tip of her pug nose. Two or three swallows were sufficient, and with a sigh of enjoyment she laid down the vessel and was about to whirl around and dash back to the house, when she was abruptly checked by the appearance of an Indian warrior, who came from among the undergrowth, walking as silently as a shadow.

He was of medium height, rather good looking for one of his race, his long black hair hanging loosely about his shoulders, while two or three gaudily-stained eagle feathers projected from the crown. His countenance was not disfigured by the hideous paint which his people use when they go upon the warpath. He wore the simple hunting shirt, leggings and beaded moccasins common among the New England Indians two centuries ago. The buckhorn handle of a knife thrust into his girdle at the waist showed, and he grasped the barrel of a long, old-fashioned flintlock rifle whose stock rested on the ground at his feet.

"What do you want?" fearlessly asked Dorothy Mayfield, after her blue eyes had looked for a moment into the black orbs of the redskin.

"Drink water," replied the Indian in fairly good English.

Once more snatching up the gourd, the girl dipped it in the spring and held the

dripping vessel towards the dusky guest. The immobile face never changed as he reached out the free hand, took the gourd and held it to his lips.

That he was thirsty was quickly shown, for he steadily drank, gradually raising the vessel and throwing his head back, while the astonished Dorothy watched the "Adam's apple" in his throat as it bobbed up and down, and not a teaspoonful of water was left in the gourd.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed. "I guess you haven't had a drink since you were a little boy; you don't want any more, do you?"

"No," replied the Indian, with a shake of his head as he returned the gourd, sat down on the ground and drew the back of his hand across his moist lips.

"Dear me! Haven't you any handkerchief?" asked the little one, turning up her nose in disgust. The Indian was somewhat mystified over the name or the article, but all became clear when the little miss slipped out a piece of spotless linen from the pocket of her dress, and stepping forward carefully wiped away the moisture that remained. Then she noticed several beads of perspiration on the Indian's forehead—for the day was sultry and he had traveled far—and she soothingly removed them.

"There," she remarked, retreating a step and viewing her work with satisfaction, "now you look like somebody."

It is not often that a member of the Indian race betrays the emotion of mirth; but as this one looked at the little miss and understood her words, his mouth moved until his even white teeth shone between coppery lips.

"What your name?" he asked.

"Dorothy—that's the name of my doll, too."

"Live dere?" continued the warrior, pointing a finger toward the log dwelling which showed among the leafy limbs of the trees.

"Of course I do. Where do you live?"

He turned half round, as he sat on the ground, and pointed behind him.

"Off dere, good way. Little girl can't walk."

"Yes, I can, if I wanted to; but I don't want to. Have you got any little girl like me?"

Again the dark face was lit by a smile, and the head nodded without speaking.

"Won't you bring her to see me some time?"

"Mebbe," was the non-committal reply.

"You musn't forget. I'll look for her every day, and I'll feel bad if you don't bring her to see me."

"What fader's name?" asked the Indian who had hardly removed his piercing eyes from the form of the chattering miss.

"Why, his name is my father. How simple you are."

There was a glow of real mirth in the countenance of the redman at this scornful reply of the little girl, and in a voice of wonderful gentleness he added:

"He fader have oder name."

"Oh, why didn't you say what you meant? He is Mr. Mayfield. Do you know him?"

A silent shake of the head was the response.

"Sometimes Indians come to our house. If they are hungry we give them something to eat. Are you hungry? 'Cause if you are, it will soon be supper time; and if you will go with me you can have all you want and stay at the house till morning."

"No hungry—go back in woods."

It suddenly dawned on Dorothy that it was her turn to laugh, and she did so right heartily.

"I know why you can't eat any supper. It's 'cause you drank so much water that you can't hold another mouthful."

The conversation might have lasted a long time, for the Indian acted as if he

were interested in the chatter of the little one, whose questions and observations came so fast that little opportunity was given to do more than answer questions, some of which were of a most puzzling character.

Suddenly the voice of the mother was heard. The prolonged absence of the child had caused disquiet on the part of the parent, and she was calling to her.

"That's my mother," exclaimed the little one by way of explanation. "I shall have to go now. Good-by!"

She was off like a flash of sunshine, but had taken only a few steps when she stopped short and looked around.

"You won't forget to bring your little girl to see me? Won't you tell me your name?"

The warrior had risen to his feet and was moving away. He, too, checked himself, and turning his head, answered both questions, but, unfortunately, Dorothy did not catch what he said. She repeated her queries, but the redman, for some reason that cannot be conjectured, did not look around nor speak. He struck into his long, silent stride, and quickly disappeared among the trees.

"I guess he said he will bring his little girl to see me," murmured Dorothy, as she hurried up the path to her mother, who was waiting for her, and to whom she related her singular story.

And little Dorothy waited and watched for the coming of the dusky visitor leading his child by the hand, but he never came.

PART II.

One soft September afternoon in 1675 Hugh Lardner, a lusty young man, carrying a flintlock and powder horn, came to the house of Jacob Mayfield with alarming news.

"It will not do for you to remain another hour," were his words to the pale-faced husband and wife. "King Philip

and his warriors are near you, and no one is safe."

"Whither shall we go?"

"To Deerfield. Captain Mosely is to be left there with a small force, while the rest are busy in the harvest field. The village is only a few miles off, and if you make the most of your time and are very careful you can reach it in safety. Will you do it?"

"Yes, with Heaven's help. I am greatly thankful to you, Hugh, for your kindness."

"It is but a neighborly act. I must hasten."

Time was precious, and, bidding the husband and wife good-by, the young man hurried out of the house, and breaking into a loping trot, headed toward the camp of the brave pioneers from Ipswich.

Jacob Mayfield was too wise to disregard the warning of Hugh Lardner. Without encumbering themselves with anything in the nature of luggage, the father stepped out of the house, followed by his wife, holding the hand of Dorothy, who was now two years older than when she had given a drink of cold water from the spring to an unknown Indian.

The door was shut behind them, but the latchstring was left hanging out in accordance with the hospitable custom of the border. If the Indians chose to visit the outlying cabin, they would meet with no trouble in securing entrance.

It was nearly ten miles to Deerfield, the distance being greater because of the circuitous course taken by the pioneer. He was familiar with the route, and was hopeful that by following the advice of Hugh Lardner he would avoid the hostile red men, who were liable to be encountered at any time.

All went well until the winding course through the woods, marked at times by an indistinct trail, but oftener without any mark at all, had been passed. Finally the

father stepped in front of a deep, calmly flowing stream, a dozen or more feet in width. "We must reach the other side somehow," he remarked, as his wife and child paused at his side.

"Can't you jump it?" asked his wife, with a faint smile.

"Perhaps, by taking a short run. But how will that help you and Dorothy?"

"I will tell you," replied the child. "Take mama in one arm, and me in the other, and then make the biggest jump you can."

"I am afraid it would land all three of us in the middle of the stream."

"But you can swim out with us."

"If it is necessary to swim I can carry you all across; but it isn't pleasant to have our clothing wet."

"It will not harm us, for the weather is mild," suggested the wife.

"We may do better."

They moved up the stream searching for a straighter place, and met better fortune than they expected. One was found where the width was barely six feet to leap, which was a slight feat, even to the wife, accustomed as she was to the rough, outdoor life of the frontier.

Dorothy was equally certain she could accomplish it as readily as her parents, who were inclined to think she was warranted in the belief. There was enough doubt, however, to cause the father to try a somewhat original plan, which was carried out with astounding results.

He laid his gun on the ground behind them and lifted his laughing child, his hands beneath her arms close to her shoulders. Then, standing on the edge of the stream, he swung her back and forth with increasing oscillation, having explained that he intended to throw her across.

"One, two, three, and there you go!"

As he uttered the last exclamation she left his grasp, and, describing a short para-

bola, landed lightly upon her feet, on the further bank, and under the impulse of her momentum, ran several paces before she could check herself.

"There!" called the pleased parent. "That's better than trying to jump and falling into the stream."

Jacob Mayfield heard a slight rustling behind him, and, turning his head, was confronted by five Indians, one of whom stooping as silently as a shadow, had caught up the white man's gun from where it lay.

The mother uttered a cry, but it was because of the terrifying sight on the further shore. An Indian warrior stepped from behind a tree only a few feet away and approached the child, whose back being turned, suspected nothing of her peril, while held speechless by what she saw just across the brook.

At the moment when the parent was unarmed, the half dozen warriors made him and his family prisoners.

Since all the Indians were armed and in war paint, Mayfield and his wife did not believe their lives would be spared for more than a few minutes. Their astonishment, therefore, was great when one of them by gestures indicated that the couple were to leap to the other side and join their child. Since she, too, was in great peril, the curious command was obeyed on the instant. The wife easily leaped across and was followed by her husband, the former being quick to take the trembling hand of Dorothy.

The warriors talked for a few minutes in their native tongue, while Mayfield anxiously scanned each face in turn, in the hope of recognizing an acquaintance to whom he could appeal, but all were strangers, though if every one had sat at his board it probably would not have affected the case.

The chief was saying something, and in

the act of gesticulating with his free hand, when to the astonishment of everyone, Dorothy Mayfield tugged at the other arm. The surprised leader turned angrily and glared down in her face.

"Don't you remember me? I'm the little girl that gave you the drink of water, oh, a good many years ago."

For several seconds the painted face was a study. The Indian stared at the upturned countenance, silent, peering and intent. Then the shadow of a smile played about his mouth, he laid his hand on the flaxen hair, and, in a voice of wonderful tenderness, uttered the single word:

"Dor'thy!"

"I knew you would remember me. You told me your name that day, but I did not hear you. Tell me again!"

"Pametacum; white people call me King Philip."

"Why didn't you bring your little girl to play with me? I watched, oh, so many days, but you forgot all about it, didn't you?"

"Too far—good way—little girl can't walk so far."

"That was so long ago, that she must now be a big girl like me. She can walk it now; will you bring her to see me?"

"Sometime," was the response.

King Philip, the grim hero of the greatest war in the history of New England, had not forgotten the innocent child who gave him a drink of water two years before.

Without hesitation, therefore, he announced that no member of this little family should be harmed. Not only that, but in the face of the fact that he was urgently needed elsewhere by his warriors, he accompanied Dorothy and her parents through the forest until they came in sight of the little village of Deerfield, when knowing that all danger was at an end, he bade them good-by and hurried off.

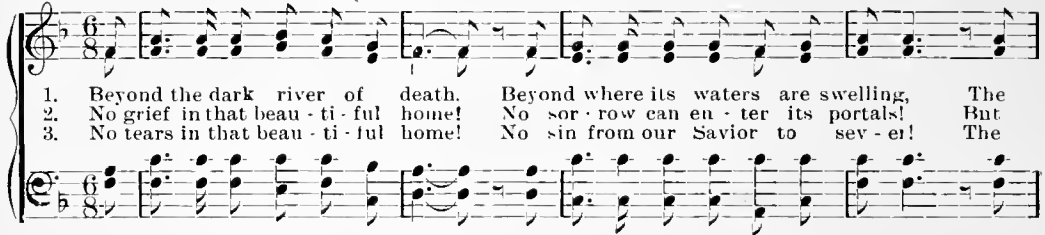
Cassells Young Folks.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

(FOR FUNERALS.)

Words by Emily Huntington Miller.

Music by H. H. Petersen.



1. Beyond the dark river of death. Beyond where its waters are swelling, The
 2. No grief in that beau - ti - ful home! No sor - row can en - ter its portals! But
 3. No tears in that beau - ti - ful home! No sin from our Savior to sev - er! The



home of my spir - it is waiting for me, The land where the ransomed are dwelling. } No
 glad are the voic es that join in its song, The song of the shining in - mortals. }
 King in His beauty our eyes shall behold, And join in His praises for - ev - er.



night in that beau ti - ful home, A landscape so fair and se - rene, The
 beautiful home, fair and serene,



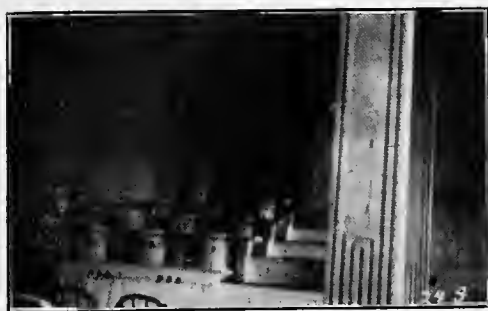
wonderful riv - er of wa - ter of life Flows soft through the meadows of green.

THE KIRTLAND TEMPLE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100.)



IN our visit to this once sacred structure alluded to in your Feb. 15th issue, mention was made of the fact that there was a cellar or basement story beneath the entire structure, but no baptismal font was found therein. The reason for this seeming omission is apparent when we are reminded that although the visit of the Prophet Elijah was promised by the angel Moroni on his first visit to the youthful Prophet, this was not fulfilled until after the dedication of the Kirtland temple, and then he appeared to the Prophet Joseph in that sacred edifice and committed to him the keys for the redemp-



STAND FOR THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD.

tion of the dead through baptism in fonts prepared and dedicated for that purpose.

At about 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, March 27, 1836, the people began to assemble for the dedication. At 8 o'clock the doors were thrown open and the people seated in orderly manner by the Prophet assisted by Sidney Rigdon and Oliver Cowdery. The Priesthood occupying their places according to office, and lay members in parts of the house allotted to them. Services began at 9 o'clock by the reading of the 96th and 24th Psalms by Sidney Rigdon, who also offered the opening prayer. Joseph was then sustained as Prophet

and Seer by a rising vote of the Priesthood, each quorum in its turn, and then by the whole congregation.

An intermission of twenty minutes followed.

When the services were resumed, the Prophet made a short address, after which the Presidency of the Church—Joseph Smith, Jr., Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams—were sustained as Prophets and Seers, and likewise the Twelve, the Seventies, the High Councils in Zion as well as in Kirtland, the Bishops of Kirtland and Zion, as well as the Elders, Priests, Teachers and Deacons. The dedicatory prayer, which had been given to the Prophet by revelation, was then offered by him. President Frederick G. Williams says the Prophet, in speaking of that part of the service after the prayer, arose and testified that while President Rigdon was making the opening prayer, an angel entered at the window and took his seat between Father Smith and himself, and remained during the prayer. David Whitmer also saw angels in the house.

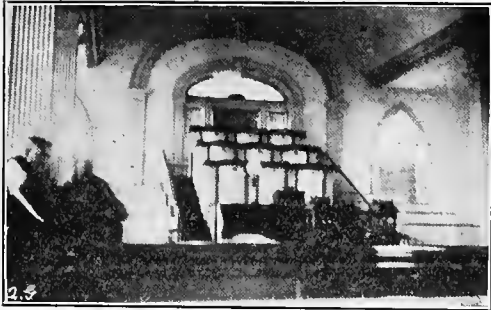
President Hyrum Smith made some appropriate remarks congratulating those who had endured so many toils and privations to build this house. Then the congregation arose and sealed the proceedings of the day by shouting, "Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna, to God and the Lamb!" three times, sealing each time with "Amen, Amen, and Amen."

President Brigham Young gave a short address in tongues and David Patten interpreted. After which, says the Prophet, I blessed the congregation in the name of the Lord, then President Sidney Rigdon offered the closing prayer, and the congregation dispersed, after being together eight hours, observing perfect order and quiet demeanor during the whole of the exercises.

In the evening the quorums of the Priesthood met, to the number of four hundred, for the purpose of instruction in the ordinance of washing of feet practiced by the Savior and His Apostles.

Brother George A. Smith,* we are informed in the Prophet's history, arose and began to prophecy, when a noise was heard like the sound of a mighty rushing wind. Many began to speak in tongues and prophesy, others saw glorious visions, and I beheld, says the Prophet, that the Temple was filled with angels. The people of the neighborhood came running together, attracted by the unusual sounds within and seeing a bright light like a pillar of fire resting upon the Temple.

The Prophet adds: It may not be uninteresting to name the hymns that were sung at the dedication of the Temple. 1st.



STAND FOR THE MELCHISEDEK PRIESTHOOD.

"Ere long the veil will rend in twain." 2nd. "O happy souls who pray." 3rd. "Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation." 4th. "This earth was once a garden place." 5th. "How pleased and blest was I:" and

*George A. Smith was the father of one of our present leading apostles, "our John Henry," as he is affectionately called by Mormon, Jew and Gentile, and grandfather of our rising young apostle, George Albert Smith.

the closing hymn was, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning."

Early in the history of the city of Nauvoo, the Lord gave a command to the Prophet Joseph that a temple was to be builded in that city and a baptismal font established in which the living might be baptized for the dead. In this revelation the Lord said that there had not yet been one baptismal font established in which these sacred ordinances could be performed. At the dedication of the Nauvoo temple we find that, agreeable with the revelation mentioned above, a very beautiful baptismal font had been established in the basement of this sacred house and many hundreds of living people entered into this very pleasing labor and officiated as saviors for the redemption of their dead kindred.

The first temple erected in Utah was at St. George, in Washington county, and this temple was dedicated by President Brigham Young in March, 1876. The next one dedicated was at Logan. The services were held under the direction of President John Taylor, March 17, 1884. The third one was dedicated by President Wilford Woodruff at Manti, March 21, 1888. The fourth temple, and the most beautiful of all ever erected by the Latter-day Saints, is the Salt Lake Temple, which was dedicated April 6th, 1893, under the direction of President Wilford Woodruff. In all these temples, including the one at Nauvoo, baptismal fonts were established, and the labors of the Saints have been sincere and constant, manifesting their appreciation of these sacred ordinances in which they are vicariously acting for the redemption of their dead kindred, agreeable to the pattern set by our Lord in his revelation to Joseph Smith, the President and Prophet of the greatest of all dispensations—the dispensation of the fulness of times.

Seymour B. Young.

THE FAIRIES' DECISION.



IT was an ideal morning in mid-summer, when all nature was decked in brightest array, that Fay, queen of the fairies of Glenwood stepped into her gauzycarriage which was drawn by three gorgeous butterflies, and was driven from her flowery abode for a morning's drive in the country. When she reached the edge of the leafy forest, the path which she was to travel lay between a dense hedge of luxuriant green.

"How delightful," she exclaimed, as she inhaled the pure morning air, "to wander at will along this romantic road, after being shut up so long a time in my palace."

She had scarcely uttered the words when her attention was attracted by low talking near her, and looking toward the spot from which the voices came, she saw a high wall of stone over which trailed English ivy and myrtle, which clung lovingly to the mouldering cement. Upon closer investigation, she saw that the wall enclosed a most beautiful garden in which grew the sweet old-fashioned flowers by the side of the cultivated ones.

In one corner of the garden, the proud gorgeous hollyhock reared its stately head and looked with disdain at its more humble relatives, who were content to occupy less space in the flowery Eden.

Here blossomed, in great profusion, the favorite flower of our grandmother, the blue larkspur, which was mingled among any amount of fragrant mint. The bleeding-hearts and peonies were next neighbors and each lent a sympathetic ear as they bewailed their humble lot.

Coquettish morning-glories of many hues, trailed up the sturdy stalk of a sunflower, whose bright face appeared doubly charming in the glad morning sunlight.

The air was faint from the odorous perfume of the heliotrope and sweet violet,

which was wafted to Queen Fay, who now stood unobserved by the garden gate and overheard the following conversation between the hollyhock and red clover.

"It stands without dispute, my dear friend," said the hollyhock to the clover, "that I am the most beautiful and attractive flower in my mistress' garden. Look at my brilliant color, my stately bearing and my significant meaning. Now you, while very industrious, would scarcely be noticed by any one, for you lie too low."

"Nay, Miss Hollyhock, you are mistaken, not too low. I am content with my position in life, but it grieves me inexpressibly to hear you praise your own merits so highly. While you are beautiful to gaze upon you can give your admirers no thanks in return for their praises, for you have no perfume. A flower without perfume is like a beautiful woman without smiles."

At this the hollyhock tossed her head disdainfully and said:

"Neither has the sunflower a sweet perfume, and her golden face is not half so beautiful as mine. Pray, proceed with your sermon, for you shall have my closest attention."

"I was about to remark," said the clover, "that the rose is one of my favorite flowers. Look at the white rose across from us, how pure, how unassuming she is, and yet she is almost as tall as you. She does not try to attract attention, and yet everyone who visits us, gazes at her with a tender look. Then, too, look at the gentle little violet, how she shrinks from human gaze.

"A sweeter, more modest flower than she is not to be found in the entire garden, and think of her admirers! I have seen ladies stoop and kiss her, and shed tears while they murmured her name. Oh, Miss Hollyhock, if you could see your folly! Some day you will thank me—"

"Oh, little thanks you will ever receive

from me, you homely, industrious child. I am queen of the flowers: I am the most beautiful flower in all the garden," and she swayed gracefully, and raised her head a little higher. The flowers had all heard the remark, and were more or less grieved.

The peonies were angry and blushed with indignation: the bleeding hearts were sorely wounded, and drooped their aching hearts to the ground; the lily was frightened and turned a dead white; the rose grew faint and bowed her head till it touched that of the violet, who sweetly whispered, "be comforted."

Yes, the flowers were all more or less grieved and affected; even the marigold was jealous.

Queen Fay, thinking that some kind of a decision should be reached, stepped in their midst and said in a voice like a silver bell, "To-morrow, Miss Hollyhock, I shall send you word which of all flowers is the sweetest." At this the butterflies, flew away, bearing Queen Fay to her home in Glenwood, where her sisters listened attentively, while she told them of her morning's adventure.

"We will hold a meeting in the heart of the forest to night and after we have come to some conclusion, we will give a fancy dress ball.

Remember, your costumes must be of the most delicate texture, and ponder well which of all flowers is your favorite."

With these words of advice, they all separated and began preparations for the revel to be held that night. Accordingly, when the pale moonlight shed its mellow rays in the sylvan retreat, all the members of the elfin band had arrived.

The meeting was held in the hollow of Glenwood, where tall, graceful ferns grew in abundance and the sylvan court was called to order by Queen Fay who said:

"We are assembled here to night to decide which is the sweetest of all the

flowers. We will first listen to Prince Charming."

Prince Charming who was faultlessly attired in a suit of for-get-me-not blue satin, rose with great dignity which became him admirably, and said:

In my estimation, the flower that is the sweetest is the queenly rose. Look at her dignified reserve, her exquisite perfume and her delicate color. Her very meaning is love and surely she is all that is lovely, but what of the sweet blue violet?" "Not so fast, my dear Prince," murmured the little brook, which was trickling musically over the lichen covered rocks, "I admit the rose is lovely, but true, what of the violet that grows near by me and whom I have known all my existence?" "Ah yes," continued the Queen, the violet is sweet."

"Yes," responded the brook, and the beauty of it all is, her beauty does not hurt her. I have known her for years and never once have I seen her emerge from her modest seclusion. She is an example of modesty, love and continual prayer. Ah, yes, the violet is sweet."

"Yes, but softly, my friend," whispered the oak tree, whose leaves rustled weirdly in the slight breeze which was blowing, "the rose and violet are sweet, but oh, look at the chaste, virgin lily. Its purity, its meekness, its lingering perfume often recalls a dear, dead face." A nightingale, who was perched in the boughs of the oak tree, on hearing the remark, said:

"With your permission, Queen Fay, I will sing the praises of the mignonette. The sweet, homely flower is not attractive, but it reminds one of people we meet in everyday life. Their homeliness at first is all that is attractive about them, but upon better acquaintance, as the richness of their intellect is disclosed to you, their very ugliness becomes dear to you for you know of the rare sweetness and pure thoughts which are hidden in the mind. Just so

with the mignonette. Its qualities surpass its charms."

At this, a wan looking little fairy named Mignon sighed and said dreamily: "Oh me: to be sure! I suppose they are correct, but to me, the pansy, which is a cousin to the violet, has always been very dear. Their little baby faces are so human like, and the velvety down on their petals is smooth as a baby face. They truly speak of remembrance." "But the daisy is sweet, although not very attractive," chimed in another fairy. "Innocence and constancy are the sentiments attached to it."

Heliotrope truly breathes of devotion," said a little elf who was hopelessly in love. "I sent some to my sweetheart to day. I admire heliotrope." They argued a long time on flowers and their sentiments. The

judges pondered thoughtfully, ere they pronounced the verdict.

When they at last came to a decision, they held a low conference with Queen Fay, and after a short hesitation she addressed the band, thus:

"The judges have come to the conclusion that there is no sweetest flower."

The acclamation of all was universal. The oak tree murmured peacefully: the brooklet rippled joyfully: the nightingale sang its sweetest and the silvery notes mingled harmoniously with the insects of the forests as the elfin fairies danced away the remainder of the night. And the old moon smiled at the scene and laughed softly to herself, when she heard the fairies' decision.

Dolores Watts.

LOST ON THE PLAINS.

This "Twenty-fourth" celebration

Is the best one we've had yet;
It's my turn to tell a story
(I hope that I won't forget);
'Tis a story my grandma used to tell
Of one of her little boys;
But if you hear me in this big room,
You'll have to make less noise.

They traveled slowly with oxen,
Wild buffalo roamed the plains;
The Saints who came in those days
Did not go back again.
There were captains over fifty,
And captains over ten.
At night the people and cattle
Were guarded by well-armed men.

Indians came to the camp fire,
Begging a crust of bread—
If you'd turn your head for a moment
They'd take a loaf instead.
Women were 'fraid for their children,
And over and over again
Said: Don't, don't stray from the wagons,
Stay in sight of the men.

And my funny little uncle
(He only had five years)
Was brave, and strong, and sturdy -

True son of the pioneers.
Walked every day with the men folks,
Insisted he was a man,
Said "Gee" and "Haw" to the oxen,
And wanted to drive a span.

He'd walk till his legs were tired,
Of riding he'd never dream,
Till some one asked, as a favor,
If he'd ride and drive their team.
They passed him from wagon to wagon,
And all enjoyed the play;
That's why grandma did not miss him
When he got lost one day.

Oxen are slow, and the children
Had plenty of chance to play,
Scampered along with the wagons,
And never got far away.
But my uncle found an ant hill,
Thick with Indian beads—
They were green and blue and scarlet,
Size of sugar-beet seeds.

He picked them up, fast as he could.
Almost wild with delight;
The wagons forgot, and when he looked,
They were 'most out of sight.
Then he followed, I can tell you.
But night came down so fast,

He could not tell which way to go,
 And gave it up at last.
 Alone in the awful stillness,
 And the night wind fanned his cheek,
 Stars shone on him like angels' eyes,
 And he listened for God to speak.
 Then he prayed, and never doubting,
 His prayer reached gracious ears,
 Slept on the ground by a sage brush,
 With just a few little tears.
 His father went back to hunt him;
 But a man found him asleep,
 One who was late at the camp ground
 Because of some lazy sheep;

And he waked my uncle and asked him:
 Are you a "papoose" of the plain?
 But he answered: "No, I'm a white man,
 Lost from the wagon train."

My grandma was glad to see him;
 She called him her "little man;"
 Scolded and loved him all at once,
 As only a mother can.
 Fed, and warmed, and tucked into bed,
 He said—wise little mite—
 I was your *baby* and wanted you,
 Lost, alone, in the night.

Ellen Jakeman.

CARDSTON, CANADA.

WHEN one wonders why this great province of Alberta with its endless stretches of grain fields lay so long undeveloped, one is told that it was the policy of the Hudson Bay Company, whose interest and land grants extended to the northwest territories, to discourage settlers. The great prairies early attracted ranchers. The district about Calgary became a center of ranching life and soon a thriving city sprang up there. Southern Alberta, however, where the "Mormon" colonists first planted foot was considered too dry to be a good stock country even, except in the extreme southwest, along the foot hills of the mountains of British Columbia. A few ranchers were located in the most desirable places when a small company of "Mormons" explored, in September, 1886, southern Alberta with the view of founding colonies.

It was in those trying times when men's souls were surrendered to a simple and unbounded faith in God's providence. To them it was a land of refuge. God would temper the elements, and the land would respond to the combined powers of faith and toil. It was in the spring of 1887 that President Charles O. Card and his devoted brethren located with their families

on Lee's Creek, about two miles above where it empties into the St. Mary's river. They laid out a town and began to turn the sod. The earth responded and then began the work of converting the prairie lands of southern Alberta into wheat fields. The nearest railroad was about fifty miles distant. Lethbridge, the nearest town on a railroad, became to the colonists a supply town and a market for such produce as it would pay to ship that distance by team. In a little more than four years a narrow gauge road was completed between Lethbridge and Great Falls, Montana. This supplied the link necessary to connect their section of country with the United States, and especially with the Saints in Utah.

The boundless opportunities for stock in those early days somewhat obscured the wealth of the wheatfields until such men as Johanna Anderson began to coin money out of wheat. Even then, men's preconceived notions from experience in a different country led to misgivings and speculations which checked the work of progressive farming. Land was plentiful and cheap. It was the one great resource of the country, yet many preferred to work for wages and raise stock on the "public

range." "No use buying land when you can use it for nothing." Little by little the land passed into the ownership of those who cultivated it. Today it is even getting scarce, and about Cardston none can be had except at greatly advanced prices. "If I had only known," is the familiar refrain of the man who might have had a large, productive farm, but who now has comparatively no land at all.

Two years ago a narrow gauge road came to Cardston. Last year it was changed to standard. Near the station now stands a large elevator of perhaps 100,000 bushels capacity. A large brick hotel has just been erected, business houses are enlarged and new ones are opened, ranches have increased, new towns have sprung up, and today Cardston is the center of a group of towns and ranches that contribute to its material prosperity. It has an excellent public school, which gives the first two years of a high school course.

Then Cardston enjoys what is wanting in all the other settlements of Canada, a good sized stream of water which flows through the town. Its location is well planted for waterworks and electric lights. Good wells may be had in most parts of the town. When the Indian reservation is trimmed down to permit the only practical spread of the town, Cardston will enjoy facilities offered by no other settlement in southern Alberta. It will always retain its position as a business center. The young man who gave the current events in the Mutual last Sunday evening said that the business of Cardston had been enlivened the past month by the sale of \$20,000 worth of horses. Cardston put on a most encouraging growth last year. Its advancement will now be more rapid than ever; and ten years from now there will be plenty of men to say, "If I had only known."

THE BUSY BEES.

(Written under a locust tree in bloom, in Salt Lake City, twenty years ago.)

I've often watched the busy bees,
Midst apple, peach and locust trees;
What pure delight in sunny hours,
To hear their buzz in the floral bowers.

Industrial thoughts to me they bring,
How swift that fine, lace, silken wing!
With wisdom's wondrous will they work,
And banish all that ever shirk.

Unlike some men with surly will,
Their work they do with magic skill;
And idle not in sunny hours,
Enriching man from sweetest flowers.

When glorious shines the "king of day,"
In happy, merry, laughing May,
Or on the dewy morns of June,
I love to hear their mellow tune.

The bees from anthers pollen nip,
And they delicious nectar sip,

From dainty cups of brightest hue,
From creamy-white to deepest blue.

Rapt is my heart in joyous spell
To see them dive in flowery bell,
And gather richest honey sweet,
Ambrosial food—delicious meat.

With wisdom's wondrous will and skill
Their num'rous cells with riches fill.
Should truant boys attempt to steal,
Acute sensations they may feel.

And so the Saints in Zion work,
Correct or banish who may shirk,
The Prophet's saying we rely on,
"Idlers have no place in Zion."

John Stringer.

Oakley, Wyo.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - MAY 1, 1906

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George Reynolds, - - Asst. General Superintendent.

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QUOTING PROFANITY.



HERE is a disposition among some to quote the profanity of others when they would be ashamed to make it their own language. If it is shocking to the religious nature of man to hear the name of Divinity taken in vain, the abhorrence of such language cannot be overcome by making it a quotation. Aside from the impropriety of quoting men whose language is vile and whose thoughts ought to go into the oblivion their words deserve, the use of a questionable quotation is an indirect indorsement of both the thoughts and words of him who has been quoted. Such quotations give encouragement not only to those who ought not to be quoted, but to those who may feel that

similar language in them may find repetition by others. This is especially true with respect to the young, who do not always draw any very clear distinctions between the original and the repetition. Indeed, they may think there is some charm, or at least important emphasis in quoted words, even though they be profane.

Language, like thought, makes its impression and is recalled by the memory in a way that may be unpleasant if not harmful to those who have been compelled to listen to unseemly words. Thoughts that in themselves are not improper may be exalted or debased by the language used to express them. If inelegant expressions should be eschewed, what shall be said of profanity?

Another evil arising out of such quotations is their introduction into good society. Profane men often omit the worst part of their daily vocabulary in the presence of those who are refined and sensitive; but it by chance a man of higher breeding and nobler instincts be present when indiscriminate profanity is used and repeats it before those of his own station, he gives the dignity of social standing to language that should never be quoted. Besides, such quotations reveal in those who make use of them a nature that is prone to debase itself. Men who find their conscience easy in the repetition of words forbidden in the Divine law have reason to be on their guard against the temptation to yield to the greater offense, that of originating such sinful expressions.

To quote profanity in the presence of women and children is a very grave offense. Children do not always discriminate between the persons quoted and quoting, and

therefore receive the words in their fullest significance. Little by little the abhorrence which such words first create is worn away. The ear may thus become accustomed to sounds that no longer startle natures attuned to innocence. As few evil words as possible should fall upon the ears of childhood. The quotation of such language in the presence of women is both coarse and insulting. The finer instincts of men should forbid it. What excuse then can men have for repeating to one another words they would be pained to hear in the presence of their wives or children? It is just possible that frequent quotations of profanity have engendered the evil habit in the lives of young men. The repetition of unrefined and sinful language should be as carefully avoided as the repetition of vicious ideas.

If men's ideas cannot be quoted without clothing them in profane language, they

would better be left in silence. Profane men should not be given the prestige which a repetition of their harmful words give them. The quotation of profanity is after all a first step to its adoption.

Joseph F. Smith.



POCKET EDITION OF PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

By and with the consent of the First Presidency of the Church, a vest pocket edition of the Pearl of Great Price has just been published by the Deseret Sunday School Union. It is the handiest and prettiest edition of the Pearl of Great Price ever published. The bound book measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches. It is printed on India paper, bound in French morocco, limp, gold side title, round corners, gilt edges. The book sells for fifty cents per copy.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

NUHAKA, AKA, NEW ZEALAND,
February 22, 1906.

*Seventeenth Ward Sunday School,
Salt Lake City.*

MY DEAR LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—It has indeed been a long time since I wrote to you last; it has been so long that I have really forgotten when it was.

I can just fancy how quietly you are all sitting as Brother McAllister asks the secretary to read this little missive. You are no doubt anticipating a story about your little brown skinned friends.

So just imagine yourselves sitting upon a mat inside a large house made of rushes. It looks odd, with its dirt floor, and a small fire burning in the center. You now ask the old chief to tell you a story. He perhaps will reply, "Very well, I will tell you about our great ancestor, Maui.

"Maui was the youngest child in a family of seven sons. When he was but a babe his parents ran away to live in a cave,

leaving him and his brothers to take care of themselves.

"Little Maui grew up to man's estate, and as his brothers fished for a living, he often accompanied them. One day they did not get any fish, so Maui asked his brothers to row the boat far out to sea that he might get a chance to cast his line into deeper water. His brothers became angry at this, but they did as he asked them. It was nearing sunset, and they pulled so far out that they were lost at sea. Maui was very brave, and told them that as soon as he got one fish they would return. Maui now dropped his hook in the water, and down, down it went, and when he tried to pull it up again he could not. So he and his brothers all got hold of the line and pulled as hard as they could. Imagine their surprise when the expected fish appeared. It was the top of a mountain, and they had pulled so hard that it rose out of the ocean and formed an island.

"They stayed there all that night, and next day the island looked so pretty that they decided to return home and bring their wives and live there; which they did."

This is the story of how Maui fished up New Zealand, and left Hawaii to live there.

Now I must not forget to tell you about our nice Sunday School. We have a large hall divided into three compartments by using curtains similar to the ones you have. The classes are the theological, the English class, and the primary. We lately purchased a fine new organ; it came all the way from New York, and the people are highly pleased with it. There are several young ladies who can play the organ, and we sing the same songs that you do in your Sunday School. Sometimes the little boys and girls come to Sunday School in the morning and it begins raining before the exercises are over, which makes them very sorry, because they have on their very best shoes. Shoes are very

expensive in this land, so when it rains the little boys and girls take off their shoes and stockings and go barefoot.

Now, don't you think they are a queer lot of people. You say Yes, but still we love them, for they are God's children and they are trying to live like their little white brothers and sisters. Not very long ago a little girl went from here to Salt Lake City to attend school. Her name is Kate Smith. I hope if any of you ever see her you will treat her very kindly, even if her skin is not as fair as yours. Remember "pretty is as pretty does." Sister Kate was always very kind to the Elders, and it would make us feel sorry if we heard that anyone had been unkind to her.

You are all getting anxious to go, so I will close. My prayer is that the Lord will bless and prosper the work and workers in the Sunday School.

Your friend and brother in the cause of truth,

JAMES KING.

TWO DREAMS AND A PROPHECY.

WHILE on a Wisconsin train bound for my native Illinois home, where I anticipated a happy meeting with my parents, brothers, and sisters, after a first and lengthy absence, I fell asleep, just before reaching the junction where I was to change cars, and dreamed of home; I did not awake until the train was near the boundary line of Iowa, and I farther away from home than ever. I got off at the first station, with the intention of taking a train back, but before doing so, I met a man who was instrumental in leading me to the place where, for the first time, I attended a "Mormon" meeting. That meeting later resulted in more than I had anticipated—my mountain home among the Saints.

After hearing awful tales about the "Mormons" and reading for two and a half years

all that I could find, for and against the Church, I determined to know things for myself; bade my pleading parents, friends, and relatives good bye, and left my home in tears with a promise of converting either myself or some of the "Mormons."

I arrived in Salt Lake City on New Year's morning, 1903, an absolute stranger. The first residence I entered was that of Solomon F. Kimball, at 274 6th St., where to my surprise I was greeted and welcomed as one well known. I had never seen Brother Kimball before, and wondered till he said "I saw you in a dream three days ago." This statement together with a subsequent prediction of my conversion to "Mormonism" and my accomplishment of a great work, almost overcame my surprise, because of my skepticism concerning "Mor-

mon" dreams and prophecies; but his further telling me of my past experience in the East, and my reason for coming West, turned my surprise into greater wonder.

When I expressed myself as thinking Brother Kimball a good mind-reader of past and present, and a possible guesser of the future, I was boldly told the glorious victory that would take place within me by coming faith and evidence.

O, how I hoped it true! Faith and evidence, one way or the other, was what I had long been looking for, and now, O happy thought, to have them come to me! When I remembered the pangs I had en-

dured in "Doubting Castle," I not only hoped for their coming, but I prayed for it in tears, and looked for it till both came and conquered unbelief. On a sunny morning, the second day in the beautiful month of May, 1903, faith and evidence led me to the waters of baptism. Later I was confirmed with knowledge and filled with conviction, through the gift of the Holy Ghost. Since then, amid storms and sunshine, I have had ecstatic experiences and mountain-high evidence that so-called Mormonism is the restored Gospel of Christ.

W. J. Kohlberg.

SELECTED POEMS.

THE GIRL WHO SMILED.

The wind was east and the chimney smoked,
And the old brown house was dreary;
For nobody smiled and nobody joked,
The young folks grumbled, the old folks
croaked,

They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came in,
Oh, she was homely—very!

Her nose was pug and her cheek was thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.

She spoke not a word of the cold and damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her,
But she mended the fire and lighted the lamp,
And she put on the place a different stamp
From that it had had without her.

Her dress, which was something in sober brown,
And with dampness nearly dripping,
She changed for a bright, warm, crimson gown,
And she looked so gay when she so came down,
They forgot that the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place,
And smoky from base to rafter;
And gloom departed from every face,
And they felt the charm of her mirthful grace,
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl that will smile and sing,
And make all glad together!

To be plain or fair is a lesser thing;

But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.

Selected.



OUR NEIGHBORS.

Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand;
Faith, hope and courage together are gone;
Reach him a helping hand;
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light;
Kindle, to guide him, a beacon fire bright;
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold;
Send him some aid today;
Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.

Under his burdens put hands kind and strong;
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song;
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.

Dear one, be busy, for time flieth fast.

Soon it will all be gone;
Soon will our season of service be past,
Soon will our day be done.

Somebody near you needs now a kind word;
Some one needs help, such as you can afford;
Haste to assist in the name of the Lord;

There may be a soul to be won.

—*Selected.*

GENERAL ANNUAL STATISTICAL AND FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE LATTER-DAY

NAME OF STAKE OR MISSION.	STAKE SUPERIN- TENDENT OR MISSION PRESIDENT.	P. O. ADDRESS.	No. of Schools.	No. of Members in Wards between Ages of 4 and 20, inclusive.	No. of Members in Wards between Ages of 20 and 40, inclusive, enrolled in the Sunday Schools	No. of times schools held during year.	No. of Officers and Teachers.	Percentage Attend- ance of Officers and Teachers.
Alberta	William J. Steed	Cardston, Canada	14	1144	1039	618	195	62
Alpine	Joseph J. Jackson	American Fork, Ut.	17	3537	2676	839	374	66
Bannock	Nathan Barlow	Chesterfield, Idaho	14	1177	1074	672	235	54
Bear Lake	John A. Sutton, Jr.	Paris, Idaho	23	2892	2481	1112	474	62
Beaver	Reinhard Maeser	Beaver, Utah	9	1075	863	365	135	61
Benson	John M. Anderson	Leaviston, Utah	9	2340	1902	432	235	64
Big Horn	Samuel R. Wilcock	Cowley, Wyo.	6	1006	945	275	152	97
Bingham	Charles S. Crabtree	Idaho Falls, Idaho	19	3043	2338	888	443	55
Blackfoot	Mathias J. Benson	Bryan, Idaho	14	1915	1695	663	319	60
Box Elder	John D. Peters	Brigham City, Utah	25	3105	2802	1222	609	67
Cache	John E. Carlisle	Logan, Utah	11	2910	2654	562	371	98
Cassia	Gibson A. Condie	Oakley, Idaho	19	1500	1240	817	313	60
Davis	Amasa L. Clark	Farmington, Utah	19	3226	2848	958	430	61
Emery	Levi N. Harmon	Price, Utah	16	2940	2469	793	397	57
Ensign	George H. Wallace	Salt Lake City, Utah	7	2380	1985	361	231	79
Fremont	Ezra Christensen	Rexburg, Idaho	25	3608	2840	1170	455	63
Granite	Geo. M. Cannon	Forest Dale, Utah	20	4814	3743	1008	485	65
Hyrum	Alexander Spence	Wellsville, Utah	11	2251	1899	550	282	67
Jordan	Clifford I. Goff	West Jordan, Utah	15	2724	2320	748	301	64
Juab	C. H. Grace	Nephi, Utah	5	1224	915	196	141	73
Juarez	Jesse N. Smith, Jr.	Colonla Dublin, Mex.	10	1650	1577	520	244	67
Kanab	Timothy C. Hoyt	Kanab, Utah	7	735	705	222	108	75
Liberty	Hugh B. Folsom	Salt Lake City, Utah	9	2084	1783	465	243	79
Malad	Owen T. Davis	Samarla, Idaho	13	1259	979	587	215	55
Maricopa	Geo. W. Lewis	Mesa, Arizona	4	747	578	193	82	63
Millard	John Reeve	Hinckley, Utah	11	1783	1468	545	249	54
Morgan	James H. Taggart	Morgan, Utah	8	721	611	387	182	63
Nebo	Samuel Brockbank	Spanish Fork, Utah	17	3921	3269	868	466	59
North Sanpete	John L. Bench, Jr.	Fairview, Utah	13	2819	2298	637	282	58
Onelda	Wm. Kirkup	Franklin, Idaho	22	2568	1985	983	405	53
Panguitch	Alma Barney	Panguitch, Utah	11	1594	1392	544	218	60
Parowan	Jos. H. Armstrong	Cedar City, Utah	8	1283	1203	358	147	58
Pioneer	James N. Lambert	Salt Lake City, Utah	12	2215	1778	605	294	70
Pocatello	Lysander C. Pond	Pocatello, Idaho	15	1434	1004	568	220	60
Salt Lake	Charles B. Felt	Salt Lake City, Utah	10	3517	2610	511	349	73
San Juan	Han-on Bayles	Bluff, Utah	10	759	721	420	177	59
San Luis	Ira B. Whitney	Sanford, Colorado	6	854	670	261	108	63
Sevier	J. M. Lauritzen	Richfield, Utah	18	3553	2415	852	350	51
Snowflake	James M. Flake	Snowflake, Arizona	7	688	659	329	126	57
South Sanpete	Newton E. Noyes	Snowflake, Arizona	11	2275	1819	512	220	67
St. George	Geo. E. Miles	St. George, Utah	28	2577	2188	1200	420	61
St. John	Wm. D. Rencher	St. Johns, Arizona	9	621	550	305	138	52
St. Joseph	Joseph H. Lines	Pima, Arizona	19	1686	1473	808	356	59
Star Valley	Heber F. Burton	Afton, Wyoming	10	1140	1043	432	233	65
Summit	Wm. L. Hansen	Coalville, Utah	18	2169	1748	843	329	57
Taylor	B. S. Young	Raymond, Alta, Cana	6	1513	1343	286	154	69
Teton	Jas. F. Griggs	Alta, Uintah Co., Wyo	10	751	590	434	126	65
Tooele	William Spry	Grantsville, Utah	12	1451	1215	589	189	64
Uintah	J. P. Rindy	Vernal, Utah	9	1377	1193	417	188	63
Union	J. M. Grant Geddes	La Grande, Ore	13	903	821	595	202	65
Utah	Lars E. Eggertsen	Springville, Utah	22	4543	3728	1151	508	62
Wasatch	Jos. H. Lambert	Heber City, Utah	12	1572	1174	575	262	59
Wayne	Edgar N. Jeffrey	Loa, Utah	12	735	681	490	165	57
Weber	Thomas B. Evans	Ogden, Utah	29	6059	4961	1493	726	75
Woodruff	George A. Peart	Randolph, Utah	13	1543	1277	628	217	57
Totals of Stakes,			742	113821	94517	35012	15480	63%
Missions.								
Australia	James Duckworth	Sydney, Australia	6			304	40	79
California	Jos. E. Robinson	San Francisco, Cal.	7			352	48	74
Central States	William E. Evans	Kansas City, Mo.	19			739	155	74
Colorado	Jos. A. McRae	Denver, Colorado	6			227	38	74
Eastern States	John G. McQuarrie	33 W 12th St. N. Y. City	10			392	63	71
Great Britain	Heber J. Grant	Liverpool, England	68			3182	370	91
Hawaii	W. W. Burt	Box 410 Honolulu	56			2123	318	56
Japan	Alma O. Taylor	Yotsuya, Tokyo.	3			88	5	100
Netherlands	Jacob H. Trayner	Rotterdam, Holland	14			658	97	96
Northern States	G. E. Ellsworth	Chicago, Illinois	15			590	88	78
N. W. States	Nephi Pratt	Portland, Oregon	6			284	73	75
New Zealand	Louis G. Hoagland	Auckland, New Zealand	32			1314	116	82
Samoa	Thomas S. Court	Apla, Upolu, Samoa	6			234	46	88
Scandinavia	J. M. Christensen	Copenhagen, Den.	23			1061	181	84
Southern States	Ben E. Rich	Chattanooga, Tenn.	24			505	124	89
Sweden	Peter Matson	Stockholm, Sweden	11			531	94	81
Switzerland and Germany	Serge L. Ballif	Zurich, Switzerland	37			1586	204	91
Totals of Missions			343			14200	2060	75%
Totals of Stakes			742	113821	94517	35012	15480	63%
Grand Totals			1085	113821	94517	49212	17540	68%

JOSEPH F. SMITH, General Superintendent.

GEORGE REYNOLDS, Asst. Gen. Superintendent.

SAINTS' SUNDAY SCHOOLS, FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1905.

No. of Male Pupils.	No. of Female Pupils.	Total No. of Pupils.	Percentage Attendance of Pupils.	Stake Officers & Members of Board not on Ward Rolls.	Total No. Officers, Teachers, Pupils, Stake S. S. Officers and Members of Bd.	No. of Pupils in Kindergarten Classes.	No. of Pupils in Primary Classes.	No. of Pupils in First Intermediate Depts.	No. of Pupils in Second Intermediate Depts.	No. of Pupils in Theological Depts.	Cash on Hand at Last Report and Collected During Year, including Nickel Contributions.	Cash Disbursed including Nickel Contribution.	Cash in Treasuries.
644	632	1276	54	15	1486	265	254	229	192	336	468 23	386 20	82 03
1263	1452	2715	68	15	3104	619	498	549	499	520	824 13	700 74	123 39
680	678	1358	49	6	1594	215	322	254	226	341	224 26	179 91	44 35
1429	1357	2786	56	14	3274	502	639	627	470	518	842 94	734 26	108 68
472	515	987	76	6	1128	224	175	199	138	251	115 85	68 29	47 56
1080	1108	2188	51	14	2457	550	248	471	465	454	970 65	536 15	434 50
576	556	1132	62	16	1300	250	203	277	169	233	103 45	94 28	9 17
1363	1435	2798	50	17	3258	538	537	778	431	514	636 80	525 76	111 04
1056	988	2044	53	14	2377	480	365	405	353	441	548 89	413 04	105 85
1566	1662	3228	66	17	3854	603	619	738	548	720	937 13	774 21	162 98
1391	1550	2941	63	15	3327	507	456	778	469	631	650 70	597 57	53 13
814	848	1662	50	10	1975	222	411	359	252	418	326 24	202 70	123 53
1651	1670	3321	58	10	3761	636	582	787	465	851	798 79	530 51	268 28
1418	1426	2744	59	10	3141	645	593	602	477	457	411 53	384 44	57 09
1104	1267	2371	64	26	2628	399	345	584	427	616	1211 23	966 73	244 50
1557	1708	3265	56	15	4735	645	764	636	558	662	1002 89	799 14	203 75
2039	2174	4213	55	16	4744	997	715	857	740	934	554 06	483 05	71 01
1020	1039	2059	67	2	2443	287	475	402	340	555	512 83	423 03	89 80
1274	1302	2576	60	8	2885	544	561	539	439	493	682 49	571 27	111 12
492	550	1042	71	2	1183	140	241	255	213	193	327 00	265 60	61 40
1107	950	2057	58	2	2303	228	447	391	409	572	797 21	748 04	49 17
465	438	903	76	11	1011	198	161	131	181	242	64 90	43 00	21 90
1560	1143	2003	67	14	2340	510	375	511	278	419	1118 56	731 50	387 06
459	641	1300	52	14	1515	272	343	181	218	296	269 65	222 53	47 12
330	335	665	66	5	752	186	104	124	99	161	83 92	63 62	20 30
860	971	1870	51	13	2119	467	231	393	335	401	629 91	314 25	315 66
356	395	751	60	13	946	139	170	188	111	152	151 13	126 98	24 05
1817	2001	3818	52	11	4295	725	607	856	711	919	764 68	523 75	240 93
1041	1309	2358	58	11	2643	517	403	644	464	322	470 07	421 01	49 06
1010	1063	2103	60	20	2528	328	558	482	321	404	479 13	412 28	106 85
755	764	1519	66	16	1753	380	293	293	240	347	459 05	447 30	11 75
710	774	1484	57	16	1621	234	305	358	163	424	245 47	167 95	77 52
1107	1152	2259	54	16	2569	523	434	536	444	329	649 09	517 61	32 35
648	655	1303	50	10	1523	265	316	246	230	246	221 53	136 15	85 38
1419	1577	2996	68	16	3361	487	453	782	500	774	1288 10	735 09	553 01
523	485	1008	59	1	1186	178	146	230	203	251	107 10	96 09	10 20
444	592	1036	55	3	947	72	167	260	137	209	118 93	103 73	15 20
1301	1490	2791	54	9	3150	347	690	556	472	726	382 51	293 88	98 63
397	354	751	67	4	881	104	217	143	105	182	246 60	209 15	37 45
861	1074	1935	64	8	2163	441	294	492	373	335	442 98	377 63	65 35
1375	1176	2551	62	10	2971	591	460	531	436	595	424 26	371 68	52 58
356	313	669	50	10	807	62	168	156	79	204	70 55	56 60	13 95
867	810	1677	61	19	2046	343	332	394	218	330	335 10	359 80	44 30
665	708	1373	63	13	1619	271	243	298	184	374	189 63	150 48	39 15
919	1019	1938	54	8	2275	403	493	436	310	296	987 98	912 76	75 22
871	752	1623	58	16	1793	313	235	367	327	381	546 95	419 35	127 60
330	344	724	63	15	855	102	172	150	141	169	198 56	152 66	45 90
652	736	1388	61	3	1580	311	264	318	276	219	310 02	436 55	73 47
750	843	1593	59	14	1735	348	267	452	248	218	231 75	157 40	74 35
560	502	1062	59	10	1264	163	240	202	207	250	457 31	380 13	77 18
1965	2341	4306	63	11	4814	937	639	1009	805	916	1174 58	887 65	286 93
797	853	1650	56	11	1923	311	220	484	269	376	356 69	312 85	43 84
400	381	781	54	34	946	79	212	179	147	174	71 12	59 27	11 85
2734	2778	5512	59	34	6272	574	911	1600	1206	1921	1451 20	1072 80	378 50
742	811	1553	57	6	1776	335	357	291	253	317	419 82	307 19	133 63

53681	56247	109928	60%	508	125916	20886	20955	25014	19142	23931	28448 28	22107 43	6340 85
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Missions.

109	136	245	51		285	80	63	13	89	29 95	17 95	12 00	
135	128	263	55		311	60	46	5	119	35 91	22 54	13 40	
303	359	662	58		817	168	61	97	272	26 47	22 65	3 82	
89	115	204	42		242	31	57	9	57	17 73	11 08	6 65	
113	135	248	69		311	45	55	22	115	11 09	11 69	
743	895	1738	67		2108	345	247	60	974	304 78	233 36	71 42	
952	1317	2299	56		2587	480	143	152	1488	181 75	34 35	147 40	
237	308	405	22		610	564	11	4 00	4 00	
412	417	829	77		926	172	135	116	198	185 17	169 83	15 34	
228	245	473	69		561	6	135	35	250	28 45	24 65	3 80	
118	157	275	63		348	43	65	8	97	46 21	22 90	23 34	
500	546	1046	55		1162	1046	
143	150	293	78		339	84	46	38	105	
459	580	1039	67		1220	93	197	242	243	259 27	219 19	30 08	
264	328	592	59		706	21	235	56	31	21 25	3 75	17 50	
162	318	480	68		574	14	133	74	197	
614	895	1509	75		1713	187	276	356	81	609	92 13	87 06	5 37
5571	7189	12760	61%		11820	763	3119	1684	985	6209	1245 12	883 31	361 81
53681	56247	109928	60%	508	125916	20886	20955	25014	19142	23931	28118 28	22107 43	6340 85
59252	63436	122688	60%	508	140736	21619	21071	26928	20127	30140	29693 40	22990 74	6702 66

GEORGE D. PYPER, General Secretary.

KINDERGARTEN

Edited By Donnette Smith Kasler and Rebecca Morris.

FIRST SUNDAY, MAY 6TH, 1906.

1. Song—elected.
2. Hymn—Hill, page 16
3. The Lord's Prayer.
4. Morning Talk.

What little creatures are here again from the happy southland, where they went for the winter? Yes, the little birds. So many of them are here singing and working all the day. They are so happy that they sing sweeter songs all the time, telling everyone how glad they are. Some of the birds came earlier than the others, and they found places for their nests and started to build them ready for their tiny eggs. Some birds are busy now making nests, flying here and there to find something that will help to make a good nest. What do birds use to make nests of? (Let the children tell of different kinds of nests.) Some birds like their nests to be up in the trees, others like to put them just under the edge of the roof, and the swallow likes his nest in the chimney, while the meadow lark finds a nice, quiet place down in the meadow; each different bird has a certain place where he builds his nest; each different bird likes to use certain things to make it out of, too. The lambs and sheep give wool to the birds, the horse gives hairs from his long tail, the cow too gives hair and hay, while Mrs. Hen has feathers to give for the nice, new nests. The birds fly about and put the straws and hairs together and other things they find, and by and by the nest is done, and then something very small and pretty is laid in it. Yes, the little eggs. And there the mother bird sits on those eggs, keeping them so nice and warm, for many days: the father bird flies around looking

for worms for the mother, and sings sweet songs to her, and does whatever he can to make her happy. And by and by something happens to the eggs. What is it? The little birds come, and then how happy the birds are.

(Teach this little song—Swift, 56).

In a hedge, just where 'tis best,
Mother bird has built her nest.
Three small eggs she laid, speckled and blue,
Sits there many days, warm and true,
Sits there many days, warm and true.

The eggs are hatched and we can hear
Three baby birds cry, Mother, dear.
Near them softly let us creep,
While the birdlings cry, Peep! Peep!
While the birdlings cry, Peep! Peep!

5. Story

THE BIRD THAT TRIED.

There were two happy little girls who lived out in the country, where everything is bright and fresh, where the fruit trees were pink and white with pretty blossoms and the birds and bees sang all the day of spring.

The birds had just come from the south, and were busy looking for places to build their nests. The robins liked the cherry tree in the front yard best, and how busy they were flying to and fro with bits of straw, feathers, hairs and other things that robin houses are made of. The two little girls were so glad the robins chose the cherry tree, for they could look out of their windows and see them very well, and they were so pleased to know that the birds would stay there all summer, too.

Day by day the girls watched the nest and birds, and after the nest was finished they saw that Mrs. Robin stayed right at home while Mr. Robin flew about looking for worms. One day Mrs. Robin left the

nest for a short time, and there, right in her nest, the little girls saw four pretty blue eggs.

Mrs. Robin soon returned to her eggs and there she sat and waited many days. Mr. Robin sat by on a branch singing the sweetest song he knew.

Two long weeks Mrs. Robin sat there keeping the blue eggs warm beneath her soft warm breast; and then very faintly was heard Peep! Peep! from under her breast, and as she moved off from the eggs she could see four tiny baby birds and could hear them cry Peep! Peep! And then she and Mr. Robin hurried off to get food for their birdlings, for they well knew how hungry the little ones were.

Each day those baby robins grew larger, until their feathers and wings were quite large and there was hardly room enough in the nest for all.

One morning after the little girls were dressed they looked into the nest, and there, strange to say, there were only three birds.

"Oh, mother, mother! come quickly and see what has happened," they cried.

"Well, come," said the mother; "we will go out on the lawn and see if we can find the other bird."

So they hurried outside, and there they heard Mr. and Mrs. Robin talking and flying about from fence to tree.

"What is the matter, mother?"

"Let us look and see," she said.

They did not look far; for close by, under a tree where he had fallen from the nest, was the poor little birdie with his feathers all ruffled up, and his head almost covered with them.

"Let us help him up," said one of the girls.

"No," said mother; "wait and watch; he can help himself. Listen to the large Robins; they are saying to him, 'Fly! Fly! Fly!' are showing him how. Do you see

him? See how hard he is trying to use his wings."

So they all watched very quietly, and they saw the little one tried very hard to fly. He could only go a little way the first time, just up to the lowest rail of the fence, but he tried and tried again, and did just as the larger Robins told him; and he flew up a little higher, and again he flew, this time on to a branch of the tree, and by and by he flew right into his nest. And oh, how glad he was to be able to fly. And after he had learned that his wings were to fly with, he flew out every day and found his own breakfast, and before very long his brothers and sister went, too, for they were sure, if he could fly they could fly, too, so they tried.

7. Rest Exercise

Have the children rise and move arms in flying motions, if possible fly very quietly around the circle once and back to the chairs. Select some other exercise.

7. Bible Lesson.

THE WIDOW'S OIL.

There was once a poor widow who had not money nor food; she was in debt and had nothing to pay with. She prayed very much that in some way she could get enough money to pay her debt with. At length the men to whom she owed the money came and told her they were going to take her two sons and make them slaves. She felt so sadly to think of such a thing happening, she prayed again to the Lord for help, and she knew that the Lord would help her.

So she went to Elisha the prophet, and told him what would happen if she did not pay her debt. He asked her what she had in her house, and she answered him saying she had nothing but one small pot of oil. He told her to go and borrow vessels and bottles in which to pour the oil, and

not to borrow just a few, but many. So she did so, and when she took them home, Elisha told her to close her door and for her and her sons to pour the oil from the one pot into these vessels she had borrowed.

So she did as he told her, and a strange thing happened; for when she would pour out oil into one vessel, there was a great deal more left, and one by one she and her sons poured out oil into all of the vessels, and still there was some left. She went to Elisha the prophet of God and told him, and he told her to go and sell the oil and pay her debt, and then she and her children could live on what was left. And how grateful the poor woman was that God had helped her and spared her sons from being slaves.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing Exercises.

SECOND SUNDAY, MAY 13TH, 1906.

1. Song. Selected.

2. Song. "Peek-a-boo Light."

Music and words from Blow, page 229.

Have peek-a-boo motions, also make a window by arching the hands and arms over head.

3. Hymn. Selected.

4. The Lord's Prayer.

5. Morning Talk.

Have any little children been out for a May-walk yet? What did you see and find? (Let the children tell of the flowers, birds, insects, etc., that they have seen.) Many little new birds have been heard and seen, and the beautiful gay butterflies are so happy, flying about, for many flowers are coming out these days, and the bees are glad too when the flowers come, for they cannot live without the flowers, neither can the flowers live without the bees. The fruit blossoms are all out and look so pretty and smell so sweetly. The robins always seem to sing sweeter songs when the blossoms come, and the bees we know buzz and buzz more each day.

Why do the trees have pretty blossoms on before their green leaves come? The pretty pink blossoms come to tell us that the tree will bear nice fruit; if the fruit blossoms are large and healthy we can be sure the tree will bear fruit. By and by we see the blossom petals fall from the tree and it looks as if snow had fallen on the ground and the fruit trees look bare and brown. But not for very long, for the leaves come out very quickly, and by and by the fruit is

THE LITTLE WINDOW.

Briskly and gracefully.

1. Peek-a-boo, peek a-boo light, beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful light!

2. Peek-a-boo, peek a-boo light, bean-ti-ful, beanti-ful light!

3. Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo light, beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful light!

Shin - ing so clear thro' my win - dow bright; Down from the sky, soft - ly you fly;
 Mak - ing the fields and mead - ows so bright; Flow'rs in the grass smile as you pass;
 Love is the sunshine that makes the heart bright; Pure we would be, shining like thee;

Peek-a - boo light, beau-ti - ful light, Peek-a - boo, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful light,
 Peek-a - boo light, beau-ti - ful light, Peek-a - boo, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful light,
 Peek-a - boo light, beau-ti - ful light, Peek-a - boo, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful light,

seen growing where the pretty blossoms were.

(It will make your room very attractive if you can get a number of pretty fruit blossoms and have in it. After Sunday School you could give each child a small twig to take home.)

Sing: "In a Hedge." Smith, 56.

6. Story.

THE THREE HEBREWS AND THE FURNACE.

A very long time ago there was a king who had a large golden image made—an image you know is like a large statue of a man. When the golden image was finished: the king called all his people together and told them they must kneel down and worship this image whenever they heard the sound of the flute. Should there be any who would not do this the king would punish them by putting them into a hot furnace.

Three men came along, and when the flute sounded they were the only ones who did not kneel down and worship the golden image. For they worshiped God and knew He was the only true God to worship and pray to. When the king heard of this, he sent for the three men, and ordered a large furnace to be built in which he would put these men. When it was all ready, he told his men to bind the three Hebrews and cast them into the hot furnace. These three men prayed and prayed to the true God to save them; and when the king's men took them to the furnace, the hot flames flew up and burned these men of the king who cast the three Hebrews into the fire. The king rose from his seat and called to his men and asked if they had not done as he had commanded, and lo, as he looked he saw the three Hebrews walking out from the fire, and they were not even burned a little bit; and beside

these three men there was one who looked like the Son of God.

The king called these men who served God, and asked them who was their God. And after they had told him, he called all of his people together and told them that the God these three men worshiped had saved them from dying in the fire; and the king told them not to worship anything but the true God who can save us and help us in every way.

7. Rest Exercise.

Have all the children stand and play clock. Swing the arms for the pendulum and say tick-tock, tick-tock. Then be seated quietly and learn the following clock song, "The Pendulum," Hailman, page 117:

8. Story—Selected.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing Exercises.

THE PENDULUM.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, Hear the pen-du-lum in the clock, See it swinging
to and fro, Not too fast and not too slow, Round and round the two hands go
Working hard the time to show, Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tock.

THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN.

Lord of the tempest, when Thy lost ones need-
ing

All help and comfort, cry to Thee alone,
Hear Thou in heaven and answer to their plead-
ing,
Be nigh to save Thine own!

Didst Thou not choose, throughout Thine earthly
story,

Poor fisher-folk for Thy disciples here?
And still to Thee, enthroned above all glory,
The nets and boats are dear.

Thou who hast slept upon the fisher's pillow,
And waked to chide the tempest's midnight
roar,
Art mindful still of anguish on the billow,
And heart-break on the shore.

Clasped in Thy hand life's utmost wave is sleep-
ing,
And never boat can drift beyond Thy ken,

For in Thy heart of hearts, in closer keeping,
Thou hast the souls of men.

When the great voices of the storm are call-
ing,
And death lies ambushed in each reeling
wave,


When from the breakers in their wrath appall-
ing,
No mortal aid can save;—

Then, as of old, brave Thou the awful weather,
And make its wrath a highway for Thy will,
Till stormy wind and fainting heart together
Shall hear Thy "Peace, be still."

And when, death past and tempests all de-
parted,
Our boats come in, no more to cleave the
foam

Upon the shore, O Savior, loving-hearted,
Speak Thou our welcome home!

Selected.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A MAY-DAY AFTERNOON WITH GRANDFATHER TERRY.



MISS SMITH had promised to take the school children to the river on May-day, and they were all very anxious for the first day of May to arrive. A few days before the party, Miss Smith had seen Grandfather Terry and asked him to go with them.

"Yes," said Grandfather Terry, "I should like to spend a day with the children. And if I get my boat mended I shall take them for a ride down the river."

The children were very glad when they heard that Grandfather Terry was to join them. But when the time came he was ill and could not go with them. The boys and girls were very sorry to hear of this; but they went to the river, as agreed upon.

They played games and gathered flowers, and crowned their May Queen. Then they spread their lunch, and after luncheon, Miss Smith asked them if they would like to go to Grandfather Terry's to spend the afternoon.

All the children were glad to go except two of the boys, who said, "We don't want to go up to old Limpie's. All he will do is to tell us bear stories, and they are too fishy to be true."

So the two boys would not go with the others, but started down the river. Miss Smith and the children went to Grandfather Terry's and spent a happy afternoon.

Some of their nice picnic that had been

left he ate, and said it did him good. They crowned him with their pretty May wreath of flowers, and laughingly called him their "May King." He told them stories, and they all enjoyed the time spent with him. It pleased him to know that the children had remembered him and been kind enough to come and see him.

The two boys who would not go with the others, wandered down the river until they came to Grandfather Terry's boat. Then Jack said, "There's one of old Limpie's boats. Let us take a boat ride."

"Oh, but it leaks," replied Harry

"Here's a bucket," said Jack. "We can dip the water out as fast as it leaks in."

So the boys got into the boat and started to row down the river; but they could not handle the oars right. The boat was filling with water. It drifted down the swift river and they could not stop it. Finally they came to a shallow place and were able to stop the boat. They jumped out and thought they would wade to the bank. But there was quicksand in the mud, and they started to sink. Then they were frightened, and they wished they had gone to Grandfather Terry's. They tried to get out of the mud but they could not, and at last night came on. They could hear the night birds calling and the bushes cracking as the animals went to their homes. They were too much afraid to speak for a while. Presently Harry whispered, "Do you think the Lord would send someone if we should pray to Him?"

"Maybe He would," said Jack; so the two boys asked the Lord to send someone to save them. Then they were very quiet. Presently they heard someone whistling, and they both shouted, "Help! help!"

Then the man came nearer. He was riding a horse, and had come from town to look for them. He got the boys out of the sand and took them home.

Jack and Harry never forgot that glad, sad May-day.

Ethel Sayer.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XXX.

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
In majesty to meet thine own will rise;
Then shalt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light about thy way be shed.

Lowell.

A New Lesson—The Law of Kindness still Practiced—Carl Decides to give up Going to School.

On the bank there, a struggle had evidently taken place, in which the horse had fallen down and rolled over. The boy walked up the bank and looked over into the prospect hole.

"Mercy!" Carl exclaimed, covering his face with his hands and stepping backwards. "It is a dead man there!" he continued. "A young, fine looking man, left dead by that Spaniard. I must hasten to town and report this matter."

A moment more, and Carl would have been out of hearing. But as he turned to run from the spot a faint moan arose from the lips of the man whom he had thought dead.

Carl heard the moan, like a feeble call for help, and instead of running away from it, he hurried around to a place where he could descend into the hole and reach the sufferer. He raised the man's head and placed him in a partially sitting position. There was another moan, and the eyelids,

which were closed, twitched noticeably. After brushing the dust from the death-like face and chafing the stiff and swollen hands for a moment or two, Carl determined that water was the thing to be brought and applied to the parched lips. He accordingly hastened to follow out the promptings of his thoughts.

From the house he not only brought water, but other restoratives which his judgment told him would be helpful in the present emergency. Spirits of camphor and prepared ginger which Dr. Evers thought a great deal of, were both found to be of much value upon this occasion.

It was an hour, perhaps, before Carl's unceasing efforts to revive the injured man were rewarded with a look of intelligence, and soon afterwards by a few words that could be understood.

"You find me in a strange condition," the man first said, looking about as though he did not comprehend the situation himself.

"Yes," answered Carl. And then, hoping to aid the poor sufferer's memory, he continued, "the Spaniard must have left you here."

"The Spaniard! Yes, Salvego—where is he?" exclaimed the man excitedly, trying very hard to get up.

Then Carl thought he had likely made a mistake, and wished he had not mentioned the Spaniard until the man had grown stronger.

"Where is he?" repeated the young man, looking wildly about.

"He is nowhere around here; he has left this part of the country," said Carl.

"Well, he's gone without accomplishing what he said he should; he was going to kill me, but he failed—the black scoundrel!" the young man said with some warmth.

"He came near enough to it," said Carl. "And now let's see if we can get you up, and if you can lean on me and get out of

this. It is damp and cold for you here.”

Now it was discovered there were other troubles to be looked to. Where the saddle straps had been cut, the owner, who had also been the rider of the horse, found that his legs had been wounded quite severely in several places.

With their handkerchiefs torn up and made into temporary bandages, Carl managed to stop the flowing of blood to some extent. And after many attempts, with much pausing to rest by the way, the boy at last had the satisfaction of placing the wounded man comfortably on a cot bed in the wash room.

The stranger objected to going into the house, where he might be seen, and insisted on sitting down in the wash house while Carl prepared a bed for him there.

Carl felt there was some mystery about it all, but whatever it might be, there was but one way for him to do—that was, to take the new burden placed upon him with as good grace as possible and await the results.

The young man pleaded with Carl most piteously to keep his presence there very quiet for a few days, until he should be able to leave without attracting any attention. And Carl, feeling a great sympathy for the unfortunate man, promised to do his best to help him out of the strait he was in.

“I will do all I can in honor for you,” said Carl. “Of course, there is something suspicious looking about this whole affair. And I would not help to keep a guilty person from justice, if I knew it and knew he deserved to be dealt with. But I do not feel that you are a bad man, and I shall trust you as though you were a good one. Now you must rest, and I will get you something to eat.”

Jem came home in a little while after the patient had been made as comfortable as possible. And then Carl told the young man that Jem lived there and would have

to know of his being there in the wash house, but that Jem was perfectly trustworthy and would say nothing that would betray the whereabouts of the stranger. “And,” he added, “as you will not see the doctor, Jem and I will have to do the best we can at dressing and taking care of your wounds. We had some experience a while ago with a brother of his, who got pretty badly hurt.”

That evening, while the young man was resting, and Carl and Jem were eating their dinner, the two boys talked the new situation over quietly together.

Carl told Jem that the overcoat which they had seen strapped on the horse behind the saddle, when the Spaniard rode away, as well as the horse and saddle, belonged to the young man whom they were befriending; that all his money was in the overcoat pocket, so he was left with nothing to help himself. He was very anxious to leave as soon as the wounds in his legs were healed sufficiently to make it safe for him to travel.

“So you see, Jem,” Carl continued, “the only thing I can do is to quit school, at least for a while, and spend all my time in work. It is the hardest thing I have had to do yet to quit school when I have just got so well started. But I can see no other way. I thought that ten dollars the Spaniard gave me could go to lessen our debt at the bank. But we will have to spend all we can get to provide this poor man with things to help him to grow strong, and then with means to get away with. The sooner the better for us all.”

“I shall leave school, too, if you have to,” said Jem.

“No,” said Carl, “that would not be best, I think. You keep right on, and as soon as I get straightened up, (I don’t know when that will be,) I will go to school again, too, and go, maybe, as long as I want to.”

“Carl,” said Jem, “you are so good to

everybody, I do not believe you ought to have to quit school when you don't want to. And you know, Carl, our Father in heaven hears our prayers. Now, let us both ask Him to make things come 'round so you can keep on in school."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTER-BOX.

Riddle Answered.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Lottie Borren's riddle in the March 1st JUVENILE I believe I can give the answer to.

First, a troublesome thing that grows on a weed, is a *bur*. Second, a place where wild animals live, is a *den*. The whole is a *burden* which we should all be willing to help each other bear.

NELLIE KEMP.

Keeps Store.

HIBBARD, IDAHO.

I love the little letters, and mama said I might write one. I love Sunday School and Primary and all my teachers. I am 10 years old. There are four sisters and one brother of us. We keep a small grocery store. This is my first letter.

EVELYN AYLING.

About the Flood.

SANTA CLARA, UTAH, March 20, 1906.

I like to read the little letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I will tell you about the big flood we had last Tuesday. It began to rain Sunday, March 11, and it rained all night and all the next day, and on Tuesday a terrible flood came down the creek. It was the biggest flood we have had for years, and destroyed the roads in many places. It also washed acres of land away. The following Friday we had a snow storm--something very uncommon in this coun-

try; some winters we never see snow. The fruit trees were all in bloom, and the white-snow looked so pretty on the blossoms, also on the green rose bushes. I made a snow man. I am 10 years old.

LULA STUCKL.

Winning a Prize.

MANILA WARD.

I often think of writing to the Letter-Box. I love my Sunday School. Our Bishop made an offer to give us a present if we attended Sabbath School fifty times. I attended fifty times, and they gave me a book called "Early Bible History." It has 116 pages in it. I have lived in Manila all my life, but now we are removing to Pleasant Grove. I think we shall like the place we are going to move to.

JOSEPH NELSON,

10 years old.

A Letter from Twins.

DOWNEY, IDAHO.

We have lots of snow here. We go to Sunday School and Primary. Our papa is the superintendent of the Sunday School.

We have a horse named Queen; she has a colt. We love the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. We are twin brother and sister, and are 12 years old.

LEWIS HANCOCK,

LOUISA HANCOCK.

Letter and Answer to Charade.

DOWNEY, IDAHO.

We like to read the letters and stories in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, especially "The Boy Shoemaker of Berryville."

Mama has been very sick this winter; papa called in the Elders and they administered to her, and she began to gain from that moment, and is now quite strong and well.

We take much interest in the charades. I think I have guessed Carrie Kranenburg's in the JUVENILE for March 15. The eminent American poet's name is John Greenleaf Whittier.

I am 11 years old.

VALESS DEWEY.

Fishing and Swimming.

We have a good Sunday School here. We have two miles and a half to go to it. Our teachers are very kind and we think a great deal of them. We live on a farm ten miles from St. Anthony. It is on the Fall River, and in the summer we go fishing and in swimming, and have pleasant times.

JOSEPH SMITH, aged 12 years.

FRANK SMITH, aged 11 years.

Going to the Saw Mill.

SPRINGDALE, WASHINGTON CO., U.

This is my first letter. Papa and mama like to read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. There are five of us. We are going up to the saw mill to spend the summer. I shall be seven years old next 10th of May.

WALLACE FLANIGAN.

Guess the Riddles.

REXBURG, IDAHO.

There is so much snow here we cannot go to school today, so we decided to write to the Letter-Box. We read the stories in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and take much pleasure in them all. We have an uncle on a mission in England, and we hope we can go on missions when we are old enough, although we are girls.

There is a little girl in the Latter-day Saints' Hospital in Salt Lake City, who was terribly burned here in a bonfire. Her parents are living here. The child's name

is Phillis Pettit. We shall be glad if all the little friends will please pray for her.

Can any of you children guess these riddles?

1. What State is high in the middle and round at both ends?

2. What four letters will frighten a thief?

PEARL BEAN, aged 11 years.

ADA BEAN.

ELSIE MARY BEAN.

Charade.

AMMON, IDAHO.

[Left out by mistake from January 1.]

I am composed of thirteen letters.

9, 10, 11, 2, is something we eat out of.

4, 8, 7, 1, is something we eat.

4, 5, 1, is something to wipe our feet on.

13, 3, 6, 8, is something which everybody has.

12 is the same as number 3.

My whole is the name of a great inventor.

OLIVE OWEN.

Papa Dead.

GLENDALE, UTAH.

About three years ago we moved from Utah to Big Horn, Wyoming; but we did not like it there, and we moved to Idaho, and liked it very much, where we made our home. But our papa died last spring, and we have been spending the winter in Utah with our grandpa and grandma. Our home is in Burley, Idaho.

Your little friends,

RUTH JOLLEY, 10 years old.

EMMA JOLLEY, 7 years old.

A Large Family.

KOOSILAREM, UTAH.

I thought I would write to the little Letter-Box. I am very much pleased to read the letters that my friends write. My father and mother are aged Mormons.

They have always belonged to the Mormon Church. In all there are fifteen of us, the children of the family. We like the charades and stories and all the good things that are published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I shall be fifteen years old the 21st of February, 1907.

VERLEY R. HATCH.

[We should have liked you to have told us something of the place where you live, Verley. You got your charade mixed up, and did not send the answer with it, so it will not be published. Write only on one side of a sheet of paper for printers.—ED.]

Fond of the Stories.

LAGO, IDAHO.

I have not seen a letter from here, so I thought I would write one. I have written before, but my letters were not published. I am 14 years old, and live on a beautiful farm. We have sheep, cows and horses. I love to read the letters and stories in the JUVENILE. I do not want to see "The Boy Shoemaker of Berryville" end. I am sorry when the stories end. I think "Grandmother's Story of Early Days" ended too quick. I have a brother on a mission in the Southern States. I have five brothers and five sisters.

ANDREW MECHAM.

Answer and Charade.

OGDEN, UTAH.

I have been interested in reading the letters and charades in the JUVENILE, and have worked out the answer to Allie M. Cleeton's charade printed in March 15. I think the answer is "Our Baby."

I have also a charade, composed of ten letters:

- 2, 3 and 4, is a common noun.
- 8, 9 and 10, is a personal pronoun.
- 4, 3 and 7, is a small animal.
- 6, 2, 9 and 10, is also an animal.

5, 2, 3 and 7, is something most people eat.

My whole is in nearly every home, and without it the home is cheerless and desolate.

MARY SMEDING.

A Good Showing at Sunday School.

SPANISH FORK, UTAH.

This is my first letter to the JUVENILE. We have fourteen in our family—two dead and twelve living. When I was small I was nearly blind. Pa had some Elders come and administer to me, and I was soon well again. Many a time we in our family, when afflicted, have been administered to and made well. I have a brother on a mission. We live two and a half miles from the meeting house. There are ten of us that go to Sunday School. I like to read the Letter-Box. I am 11 years old.

LILIAN JANE BURT.

No Primary.

GRANT, IDAHO.

We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and I have been very much interested in "The Boy Shoemaker" and "Grandmother's Stories." I am also much interested in my lessons in Sunday School. We have no Primary here, but I think we shall have before very long. I am 11 years old.

Your friend,

LARON WARNER.

Mother Runs a Restaurant.

CEDAR CITY, UTAH.

My papa died when I was 9 years old. I am 11 now. I have a brother 10 and a sister 8 years old. Our mama runs a restaurant. We go to Sunday School and Primary.

KATIE SIMKINS.

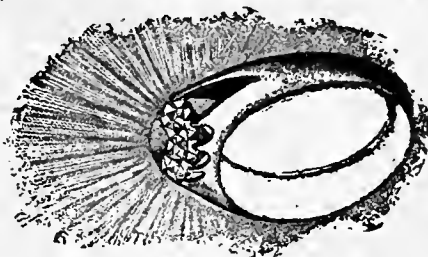
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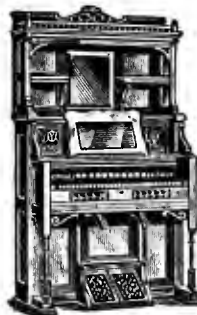
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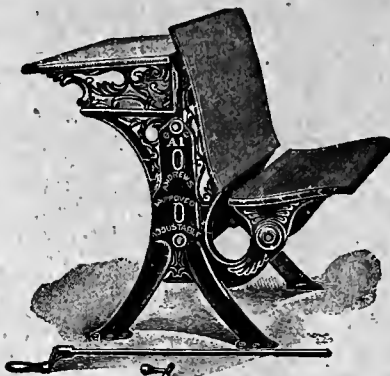
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